

# EDITOR'S NOTE

Dear Reader,

When I first joined The Eckleburg Project as a screener my first semester of my freshman year, I never thought that it would become as big a part of me as it is now. Every day, I am so grateful that I get the opportunity to work with people passionate about an organization dedicated to telling stories. And stories are a pretty powerful thing. They can make us laugh and make us cry. They can motivate us to do amazing things and show us how to care for others. And maybe most importantly, they can comfort us, and remind us that we're not alone.

These stories, the ones that stick to us and never let go, are the stories published by *The Eckleburg Project*. No matter how many semesters go by, I am so amazed by the stories hidden in the brushstrokes of paintings, in the lines of a photograph, in the spaces and word choice of a poem, and the carefully crafted sentence of a short story.

Before you go and discover these stories for yourself, I'll leave you with one last thought: as you are reading this magazine, know that it is more than just a magazine. You are reading the stories of students with incredible lives and incredible talents. You are reading the hard work of the Eckleburg staff. You are reading a celebration of the best Texas A&M has to offer.

I hope it inspires you as much as it inspires me.

Sincerely, Sarah Roberts, Editor in Chief

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# FAIL ZOLTON

Barik eyed the three figures standing before him: a lanky human, a scale-covered Naga, and a green-skinned goblin. He had hoped for a better turnout, but this would have to suffice.

"Welcome, my friends," Barik said, "to the workshop of the esteemed dwarven inventor Barik Baumblast. At the end of today, one of you will be my new assistant."

To the human, the workshop appeared more akin to an alehouse on Friday night than a laboratory of magical philosophy. Questionable vapors emanated from colorful bottles labeled in wyvernscratch, a grotesque menagerie of stuffed creatures lined the wall, and the many stains on the counters attested to the mercurial stability of the stacked potions. The Naga, conversely, saw a sanctuary of seclusion—a hidey-hole with all manner of meticulously labeled concoctions, a place free from prying eyes. The goblin saw an upcoming payday and plenty of shiny objects.

A few dubious glances passed between the first two candidates, then the human spoke up.

"So, we're competing against each other?"

"No, no," Barik replied. "Quite the contrary. We'll be working together, and I'll decide who worked the best."

"That'sss...a competition," the Naga said, forked tongue flickering forth in trepidation.

"Urk want gold," the Goblin said.

Barik's brow furrowed in thought. "I know what we should do!" he exclaimed. The dwarf ran over to an overcrowded shelf, grabbed a glass flask of viscous, teal liquid, and trotted back towards the three. En route, a few droplets flew from the flask and—upon contact with the mottled, stone floor—evaporated with a menacing hiss.

Barik held the enigmatic brew out for the Naga. "You, snakeman. Drink this."

The slits of the Naga's eyes narrowed. "Isss that sssafe?" he asked.

"Absolutely. It's a strength potion."

The Naga shrugged, then lifted the flask to his mouth and took a swig. "That'sss deliciousss," he said, starting to chug the concoction.

While the Naga was drinking, a sudden, mildly troubling thought struck Barik. The dwarf whipped open a seemingly random drawer to grab some parchment and a small, graphite tool, then started scribbling calculations.

"Actually," Barik said, tapping his handy little writing stick against his cheek, "there may be a forty percent chance of cardiac arrest."

*Crack.* The Naga dropped the now-empty flask to the ground, shattering it. He began to slide toward the dwarf, wobbling back and forth. "You ssslimy—"

Suddenly, the snake-man's face contorted into an expression of terror. He fell sideways, dead.

"That's not supposed to happen," Barik observed, returning to his notes. "Maybe less blightroot next time. Good thing the Inventors' Union only sues for dead dwarves."

"Welp, I've seen enough," the human said, turning to leave the workshop.

"No respect for the finer sciences," Barik muttered.

"Urk want gold," the goblin said.

A few minutes passed. Until the goblin spoke up again, the laboratory's silence was broken only by the scratch of graphite on paper and the restless shuffling of the goblin's feet.

"Urk want gold."

"We'll get to that," Barik said. He began rifling through more drawers and inspecting other flasks. "It should be here somewhere...Aha!"

"Times are a-changing, my green-headed friend," Barik said, triumphantly hoisting a flask of pink solution above him. "Mages changed field warfare forever, then we mortalized the mages. But this—this will end all warfare!"

"Urk want gold now!" the goblin snarled, now pointing a rusty shiv in Barik's direction.

"What in the—how'd you get—y'know what, Urk? Drink this and I'll give you a bag full of gold."

The goblin eyed Barik warily, then reached out to grab the potion with its free hand. It sniffed cautiously, then gulped down the contents of the flask. Suddenly, its eyes lit up.

"Urk love you, man," the goblin said, extending its arms for a hug. The shiv clattered to the ground, forgotten. The goblin took one step forward, a grin spreading across its weathered face.

"I've done it—I've finally done it!" Barik shouted, clapping his hands together.

The grinning goblin took another step towards Barik, then promptly fell forward—dead.

"Well, at least he was smiling," Barik said. He returned to his notebook, recording two words: *Partial failure*.



FISHING FOR CATFISH
BY CHRISTINE YEH

# BOYS BREAK BOYS BREAK BOYS BREAK

JOHN HESELTON

Boys break bones.

That's what my dad told me. He told me we were supposed to crash into stuff when we rode bikes, get scuffed up when we played football, prick our fingers with hooks when we went fishing, cut ourselves when we got our first jack knives and occasionally get a black eye when we got into fights, though we should never start them. Of course, he never articulated any of it like that, but that's what it meant, boys break bones. Whenever he said that, I knew that's what he meant by it. All that stuff.

"Boys break bones," he told me, leaning against the chain link fence of my little league dugout. I'd been hit by a pitch, right in the side of the head, and though the helmet had done its job I had this loud ringing in my ears that I couldn't get out.

"I should be watching you run out there," he said, pointing to the field where a replacement runner stood on second. "Shake it off, you'll be okay."

I shook my head slowly with my eye's all pinched tight. I could barely hear him and didn't want to make the ringing worse by moving too much. "It hurts," I said, not looking up from the buttons on his shirt. "I can't hear."

"You can hear fine, boys break bones. Now get out there," he said, hitting the dugout fence. I walked down the dugout to the coach and told him far too loudly that I was good to run.

Coach just nodded.

Another time I was fishing with him and fell down an embankment. I was watching him cast while walking along the shore of the lake and not paying attention I had tripped and rolled right down the embankment into the water. My pole was in my hand, and when I hit the water I let go of it. My father ran over and helped pull me out of the lake.

"Are you okay?" he asked.

"Yeah, I'm okay," I said, rubbing my knees. They were cut up and covered in rocks, smaller pebbles inlaid deep in the scrapes. He squatted and helped me dry off.

"Gotta watch where you're going," he said.

I looked down at the water. My pole was gone. "I lost my pole," I said.

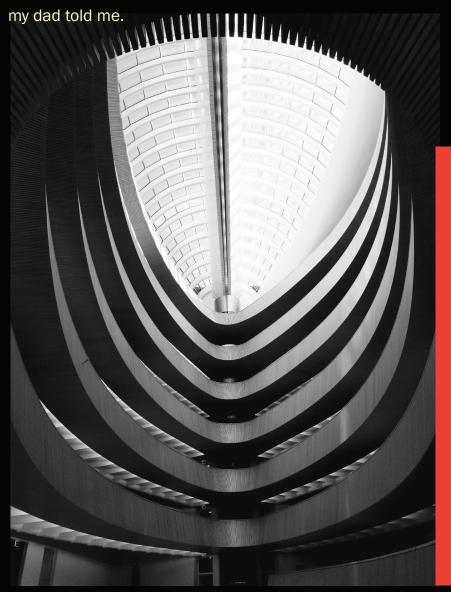
"Can you see it?" he said, squinting down into the water.

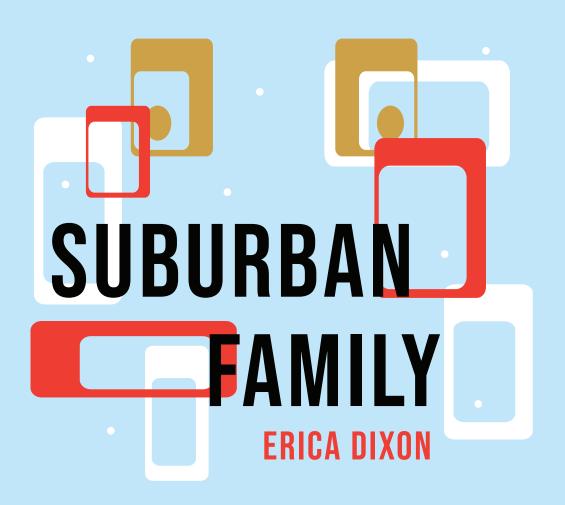
"No," I said.

"It's okay," he said. "Boys break bones."

He used the phrase as a catch all, something that could be applied in almost any situation. If I crashed my bike that was okay, because boys break bones. If I came home with a black eye it was okay, because boys break bones. It was his term for when I got hurt, when I lost things, when I needed to toughen up and when I did something dumb. He rattled the line off like it was all one word, and he always delivered it with a shrug that seemed to say "that's just how it is". Even after he passed, his phrase stayed around in his place. When my mother was angry at me for crashing the car I could feel him standing there behind her, shrugging and telling her that boys break bones.

When I fell from my second story bedroom window sneaking out one night I imagined him in the seat next to my mother while she drove me to the hospital, laughing about the whole thing because he knew I was going to be okay. The truth is, I hated hearing it when he was alive, I really did, but after he was gone I would've done anything to hear it one more time. Boy break bones. That's what







Girl power! my mom says is a slogan that men spit at our chained feet.

Mom was a doctor before us, a queen with a stethoscope scepter.

She was so smart, so How, Mom sniffs, did I end up shackled to that lump?

That lump's stress is a wild dog that tears his liver with foamy gold teeth.

What Dad has to show for it are watches and stocks and houses oh my!

Their son is their sun. His solar temper flares and swallows their household.

Their daughter is their bridge. I bow beneath their feet to help them connect.

I'd rather be a glossy sports car that can POW! take off any time.

But I would never. My brother is the problem, so I cannot be.

I am the good girl, gifted, my teachers coo: the school's golden trophy.

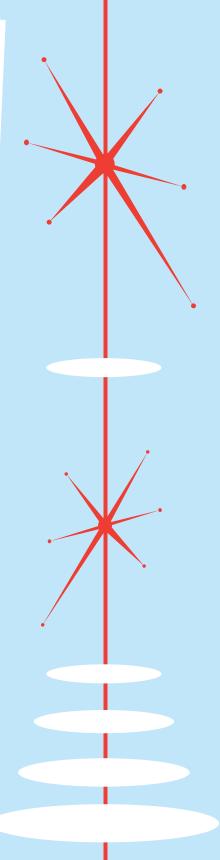
So was my big bro, so I know what a gifted child is really like:

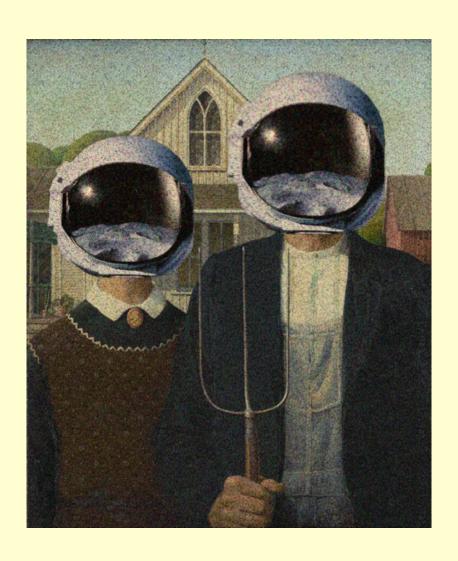
A gifted child is a star that can't see its own coming explosion.

Why do I have to win everything? Bees are small, but they matter.

Bees have it right. They prioritize the hive, yet gold honey still flows.

So I've learned that Son's rage and Dad's vice and Mom's spite, their American live-free-win-at-all-costs life, is what true weakness looks like.





# MARS COLONIZATION

AMANDA ABOUJAOUDE



# THE CORRIDOR

MIMI LASSEN

...she runs her finger along the beveled edges of her backpack zipper, letting her thumb line up with the outline, creating a perfect symmetry. She could spend forever playing with her zipper, forever moving, forever thinking about nothing. But she's not thinking of nothing. She never is, never has been, never will. Her thoughts won't leave her alone, always barreling around her skull like a runaway train, echoing and reverberating, disconnected, fragmented. Never perfect and symmetrical like the zipper.

And what yells echo in her mind right now? The essay she must write, the meeting she must schedule, her grocery list, the other mundane aspects of being alive. The meaningful things drift among these, the things she never wishes to forget: a verse from a song, "I wish I thought a bit less / And spoke up instead," the sunset she saw over the city of Jerusalem while standing in a garden on a hill, the ephemeral smell of laurel trees blooming in the spring. But these are tinged with sadness, like a drop of water color seeping into canvas, coursing through the veins. Other things lurk in the darkness, looming over her always, weights she cannot lift. She feels like Atlas, holding the weight of the world on her shoulders.

A face, always smiling, but not a kind smile, no, a deceptive, cruel smile, one that hides darkness. She is haunted. Maybe that's why people write ghost stories, she thinks, to rid themselves of the ghosts and demons that slouch through their minds, to transform them into something that couldn't possibly be real.

A voice breaks her train of thought.

"What?" she asks.

"You think you're just...what?" her counselor asks.

"I...I forgot I had said anything...I'm sorry I just get so lost in my head sometimes, like I'm trapped by my brain. My thoughts are always repeating, running through my mind...it's so hard to articulate."

"That's ok. What thoughts are running through your mind right now?"

"Bad ones mostly. Painful memories, always flashes, fragments. A certain sound, a certain image, a certain sensation...I don't know...I remember a smile, a laugh..." her voice trails off. She can feel it beginning: the prickling in her arms and legs, the trembling, the twitching, the shortness of breath, the feeling of blood rushing out of her limbs, the light headedness, the feeling of her muscles tensing. She feels as though some unseen force plucks her from the conscious world and imprisons her in her mind.

She becomes small and vulnerable. She sees her unconscious self, standing back in the corridor, somehow wearing a white slip nightgown from her childhood, looking confused, apprehensive. She can see the world around her, but it is blocked by some invisible curtain. She tries to reach through to her conscious self, to return to the present, to make herself move and talk, but she becomes entangled in the folds of the curtain. She feels herself stuttering, trembling, barely moving.

She is trapped in a grey, dimly lit corridor. An alarm grows louder and louder. She realizes it is not an alarm, but a word, repeated over and over: FEAR. She grows frantic. Doors line the corridor. She begins to run, scrambling to open them, searching for an escape. But behind each one lies a fragmented memory, a sight, a sound, a vision, a sensation. They overwhelm her.

She stops running and sinks to the ground, curled in a ball, rocking back and forth, sobbing, shaking violently. Slowly, the corridor begins to freeze over. Ice creeps into her skin. Each crystal traps some memory. Consciously, she feels the familiar burning sensation of ice sinking into her stomach. The emotional pain overcomes her entire being. She sinks into the depths of despair. When she accepts this burden, this grief, she leaves the corridor. She returns to her conscious world, slowly regaining her senses. She begins to speak again, but her speech is still slow and impaired. She stutters something about the corridor, about her attack. Her counselor asks her questions about her life, distracting her, and she begins to relax.

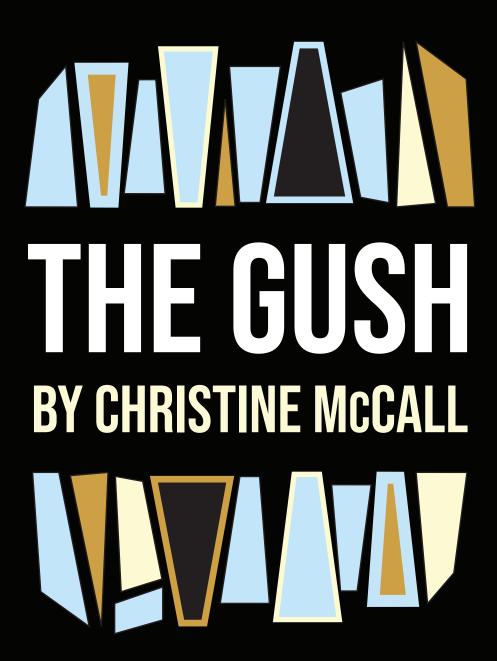
She knows that each episode tears a fresh hole in her soul, taking a new piece out of her. She remains haunted by the eyes that looked into her soul, maliciously, as she gazed back, confused and afraid. She will never truly escape. It haunts her body and soul, waking and sleeping. She will forever wonder what he was thinking as his eyes bore into her, though she will never know. This uncertainty consumes her.

In her dream the other night she soared, weightless, whistling through the trees and the clouds high above. She was buoyant, with every step she flew upward as if gravity did not exist. Yet in each moment fear gripped her, adrenaline coursed through her veins, told her to move quickly, to run away, just as in every other dream. Nobody believes her or listens to her in her dreams. Even her dreams, even flight do not give her freedom.

She knows she will forever be trapped in her head. Though time will begin to patch, though the episodes will grow fewer and further between, she will always return to the corridor. She will always carry the burden of uncertainty.



**BY MIN JUNG LEE** 



I've never known life to suck if anything, it gushes. Do you see it? A river of spirit; so pure and powerful that it lubricates reality.

I look into a person's eyes and acknowledge that glowing current there.

Beauty is there, to sense the presence, the waves another person makes.

And within the waters, passions softly burn, flowers of flames bursting from the soul's garden.

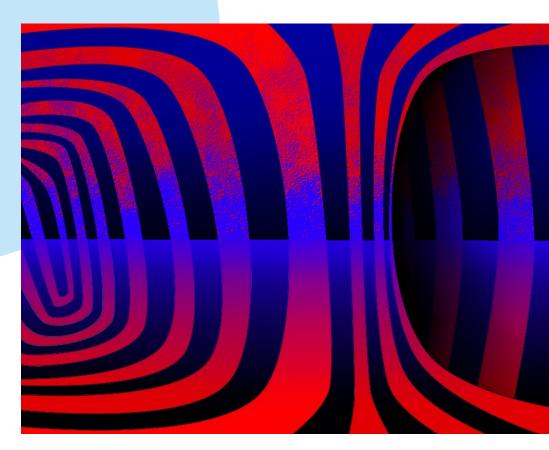
That is humanity.
It is heat of passion that simmers with the current of life to create steam.

And this soulful steam wafts toward the future as we grind our muscles It is scattered by winds of growth. Ever hopeful, Ever optimistic.

Searching out the elusive figure of love, Seeking peace's company. Asking joy to dance with us, Aspiring to scale the tower of excellence.

We spill ourselves into the oblivion.

I've never known life to suck if anything, it gushes.



# TUNNEL BY BEN HARTWIGER

# BREATHING IN THE SEA BY CATE CONWAY

The blood in my mouth is sour, bubbling. With it goes all of my courage. My head feels thick, wooly, shoved headfirst into loamy mud that muffles my ears. I see red stars, blue streamers, purple dots dancing across my vision, a wonderful dream. My nose is drowning in sharp saline that burns my skin. I step forward. barely feel my foot touch the sand beneath me. I am shaking. My mouth strains open, lips cracked, jaws sore. "I'm sorry," I say, wincing as my teeth clench down on my tongue so as not to let the lie escape my lips.

# **BLOOD SACRIFICE**

# BY J.D. GUNTER

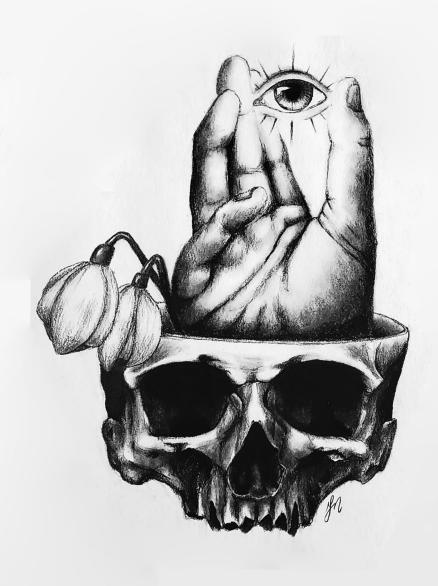
My heels are blistered (Stigmata weeping blood) from the too-small flats I wear to testify. Their stiffness bites into me as I walk to the courtroom Every step a reminder of April's brutality

But these wounds feel right (A sacrifice)
An offering for the girls I pray will never have to face a monster in an orange suit and chains.

I'll walk till I am bloody if it means their feet will remain clean. I'll wash them with my tears if it will protect them from him.

Bandaids are a lot cheaper than years of therapy. Losing some skin is better than letting others lose what he stole from me.

No, I will not let another scar bother me



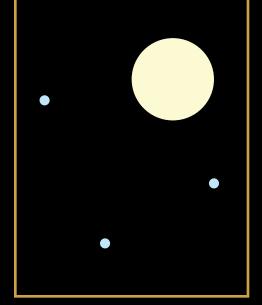
# PERCEPTIVE HOPE BY GABRIELLE NICHOLS

# APPRECIATION



you marvel at my beauty and call it appreciation. no effort to swim, only dip your toes, yet you wonder why i walk away.

perhaps i know my beauty deserves more. you see, i too can "appreciate," i own a mirror. but i know the facade all too well.



i see the cracking corners,
my velvet skin burning from the fire in my veins.
i feel the footsteps of my heart marching on.
i hear the drum keeping time for the army in my soul.

you see the silk as it flows over my skin, but i am the one who put it there. i am the one who replaces it.

- silk tears too easily over shards and shanks.

perhaps an armor would be better suited to withstand the tests of time, but armor doesn't turn heads like silk now does it?

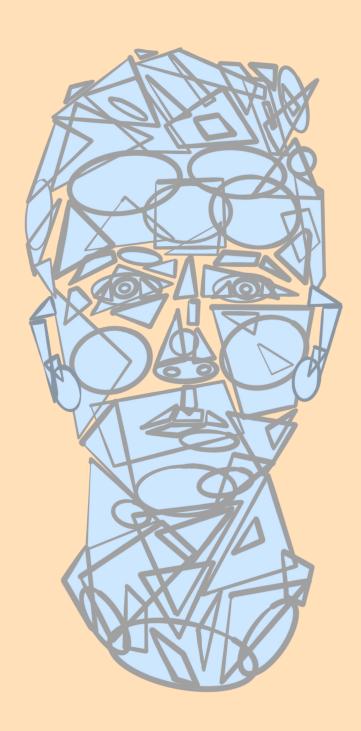
you sit at the edge, "soaking your feet,"

but maybe you're just too afraid of the water to dive in.

the turquoise blue looks inviting until you see the faint glimmer of a shark far below.

you know how to swim, but are you fast enough?

# PORTRAITS OF SHARDS AUSTIN BIEHLE



# I'M NOT SURE I KNOW HOW TO WRITE A POEM

**BY CHRISTINE MCCALL** 

I'm not sure I know how to write a poem

it is not the alliteration or assonance the tone or mood

Similes flow from my mind like a river flows through time Personification is, in fact, an old friend of mine And I definitely don't pine for words that rhyme

I could write a million and one hyperboles!

Imagine me sitting in a coffee shop Next to a window a cup of steaming coffee at my side sunlight streams across my face as I spin words into imagery

I'm well aware of common symbols Light is good Darkness, bad Tears are both.

And yet, I'm not sure I know how to write a poem

For the central elements of a poem are meaning and truth

And we approach poems with our hearts offering up all that we are, experiences, emotions, relationships, for the chance to understand something... something beautiful, something heroic, something cosmic.

And to write a poem without either is to shape a dangerous thing Such a poem retains the beauty of a dove with the soul of a vulture.

And what comes of something so grotesque?

For a poet to take a reader's heart and fill it with lies, it is a crime against the heart and mind.

We are only servants to truth, weaving it into the framework of words for others to learn.

And so, I'm not sure I know how to write a poem.
I must first listen and learn, harvesting the ripened truth of this world.
Perhaps then, and only then, will I write a poem.

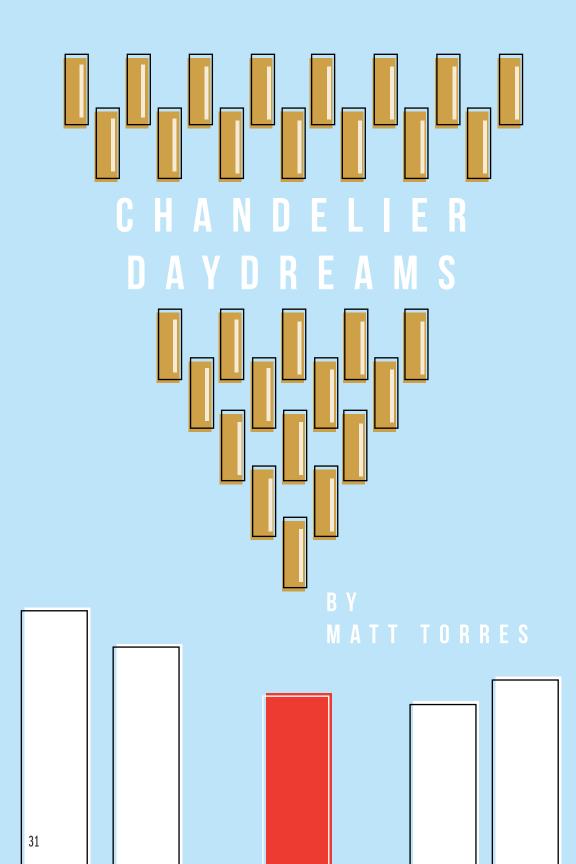


ODE TO DONALD JUDD BY SARAH LATIOLAIS





## BOOKSHELF BY HALEY HENRY



By the time the host in her dainty red dress

Clinked her tiny spoon—a spoon too small

To feed even a meager child-against her equally as dainty glass

Sending echoes throughout the chamber hall teeming with bodies—

But entirely devoid of life—and before those echoes

Could settle in the brims of the timeless china preciously

Stashed away in a maple-stained hutch to hide the blemishes of aging wood-

Before the murmur of the crowd could still itself—

I had decided the way I wanted the world to end.

I would prefer a bang to a crash, a crash to a boom a great and bellowing sound to a whimper.

A second's respite, perhaps, before our

Collective demise to reflect on our deeds, our misdeeds—

An unblinding light so bright it swallowed even the silhouettes

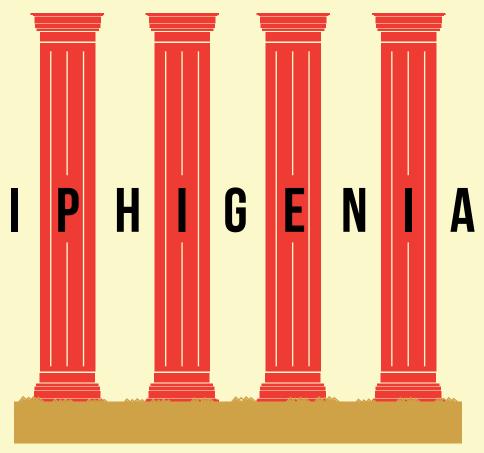
Of the unsuspecting, and set alight the glasses and the tiny spoons

and the dainty red dresses all across the world to reveal

a visage most bare. I think it should begin with a whimper

slipped from our most gracious host delicately posed beneath a golden

Chandelier.



BY
ISABELLE CROSS



When I am dead, do not speak my name to the wind

As though it will win you something in return.

And when you search for the red string of my life

To hold up in your hand like the scepter of your sublimity,

Do not search for it among the ribbons of rain

Unspooling from the keening clouds. You will not find it there.

Go out into the garden instead

And find it laid upon your soil,

Tangling around your wrists, your ankles, your blossoms,

Scarlet dye

Dripping into the eyes of your wailing hyacinth.

There you will stand, gape-mouthed and blasphemous,

Searching with your perverse gaze for the place

Where the thread is tied off. You will gather up your fistfuls of water

And try to wash it clean; but when love lies bleeding,

No matter what you do you cannot undo it.

The amaranth and cypress tree look on without pity.

So take my crimson life-thread in your hands

And follow it as it goes;

Running to the very place in the earth

Where you commanded my execution.

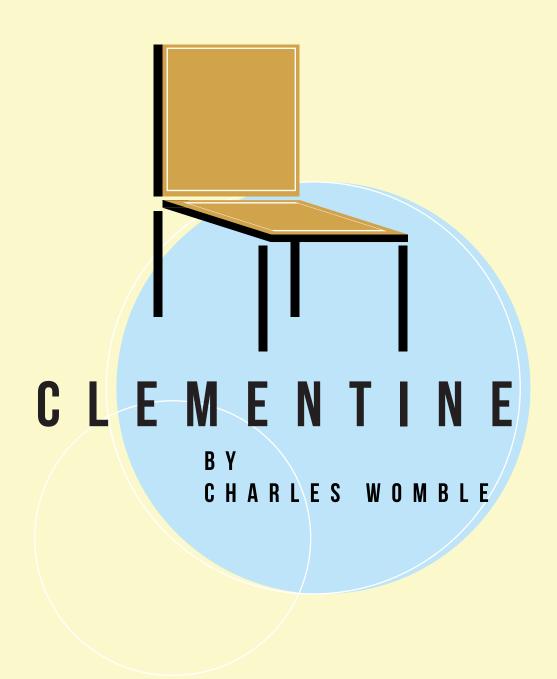
Hanging now around your neck, the thread is white as bone.

I'll reclaim my thread with a snap,

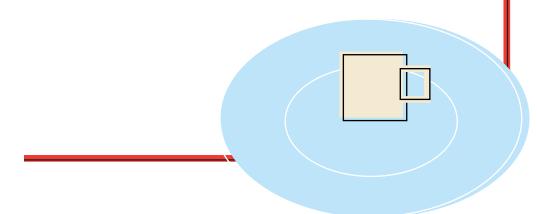
And place it round my ears like a crown;

With my spear I'll carve up your conceit,

The very thing which stole my crown and the ground itself from under me.



Over there! Yes...over there...there used to be a chair that sat in the corner, and that chair was just a chair away from the chair where Clementine used to sit, and I never spent much time in that chair, let me tell you something but after all these years...boy... I wish I did. One evening I walked into a coffee shop, asked the man for a margarita, man says sorry sir we got black coffee but nothing to intoxicate ya, so I bowed my head and I stumbled for the door, but just before I made it out something tugged my sleeve, and I spun around to see what for. And standing there...about five foot ten... was a girl. She had so many freckles... slightly hidden behind a thin sheet of blush...and blue eyes too... with little specks of gold in them, like sand pressed to wet glass. She rocked slowly back and forth on her feet. She was smiling... and I must have made a funny face or something because she burst out laughing. Why was she laughing? I'm not funny...at least no one ever thought I was when I tried to be... but she was laughing...she was smiling. So, she spun me round, she spun me down, she sat me down in a chair in the corner. She smiled, she kissed me, and she was gone. The barista kicked me out that night at eleven.





LOOKIN' 2 FLY
BY MAX FREED



SUBSTANCE By Anuhya Kotta



BY SABRA JONES

"I. Am. Darkness!" She roared, standing on the edge of the precipice with wings spread wide. Her fingers, claws sharp enough to tear flesh from bone, were taut and ready to fight as her feet gripped the edge. She looked into the chasm without fear and past it, to the hordes of enemies—potential victims. Her body shook with the effort it took not to launch herself at them. She stayed still—patience was the key behind every good victory. Yet the light was fading and the horizon growing hazy. The hour was nearly upon them—
"Alright Darkness, the masses of unsuspecting villagers will have to wait until tomorrow."

"Aww, mom!" She exclaimed, lowering her arms, bedsheet tied to her wrists. "I was just about to pound them!"

Her mother, hair in a loose bun and eyes bloodshot from pure exhaustion, smiled. "Do you know what unsuspecting means?" She asked as she gently untied the bed sheets from her daughter's arms and started peeling off the toothpicks taped to her fingertips. Darkness considered this. Unsuspecting. Un means not. Suspecting

Darkness considered this. Unsuspecting. Un means not. Suspectimeans thinking something might be wrong. So..."Not thinking anything is wrong?"

Her mother grinned again, bigger and brighter, and Darkness puffed up her chest with pride. It was so rare for mother to smile around anyone but her! It was a secret superpower. "You are right!" She kissed her daughter's nose lightly and picked up the wild-haired child. "So, with that in mind, don't you think they'll still not know anything is wrong for one more night?"

Darkness considered that. "Well. I guess." She conceded. "Does this mean I have to brush my teeth?"

Her mother said nothing, but raised an eyebrow. This was an old argument and Darkness had long since given up the fight. With slumped shoulders and clawless fingers, she went to the bathroom.

Bed time came around at the same time as it always did, despite Darkness doing a whole spell that afternoon. Well, she hadn't wanted to use pee, so she had used sprite instead, and she didn't have any mistletoe so she used some leaves from the house plant Gregory, and she didn't have any blood to make the sigil (that was a new word she had learned brand new just vesterday) so she used salt. But still. It should have worked. Mother hadn't even been upset about all the salt when Darkness explained the spell. Instead she had just looked sad and said sometimes she wished she could make time last forever, too. Darkness wasn't sure about time stopping forever, but a few hours before bedtime sounded nice. Sometimes mother did not like it when the night came and then the morning and then another night, again, even though Darkness had tried to explain that the world just worked like that (probably more magic). Mother said she knew—she just wished it didn't happen so fast.

Anyway, it was bed time, and Darkness was dressed in her blackest nightgown with her red-tipped hair in a braid and black fluffy socks on her tiny (but still terrifying) feet. Sometimes people said Darkness wasn't very scary, which she took extreme offense to, and then told them that she was scary the same way tiny spiders were scary. They didn't like that. They were just villagers, though, unlike mother, who was a queen.

"Alright my Lady of Darkness." Her mother said seriously. This was why Darkness loved mother—mother always took Darkness seriously. "It is time for the deepest of slumbers—" Also mother was silly sometimes, which was nice. "And you must go to sleep. You know the fairies won't come out if you are still awake."

Darkness nodded somberly, remembering the night she stayed up until really late waiting for them. Mother hadn't liked that—said it wasn't good for her. A lot of things weren't good for her, though, like some breads, and candies, and things that made her stomach upset and the doctors cross their arms. Fairies were good for her, though. The doctors had whispered to mother in that way that villagers whispered (loud and obnoxious and never quiet enough for the Lady of Darkness to not hear) that she would not last till Christmas. It was almost Easter, though, and Darkness was pretty much okay, and that was because of the Fairies and Fae and Nymphs and the spells Darkness did with apple juice and old baby teeth.

Maybe, if Darkness did enough spells, she would last a really long time and mother would stop crying in the shower when Darkness was watching tv. Mother only smiled when Darkness said that, though, so she wasn't sure how to go about getting those kinds of spell books.

"Goodnight, my darling." Mother whispered, kissing her daughter's forehead, feeling the slightly heightened temperature on her lips. She wanted to ask Darkness about a spell for grief. She didn't. "I choose you and give you my love, brighter than stars and deeper than the secrets of the fair folk."

Darkness reached up and held mother's face between her tiny, pale hands. "I choose you and give to you my love, brighter than a hearth fire and deeper than the wandering paths of the forests go." This was their nightly ritual, and sometimes Darkness thought that the greatest spells ever were these words they shared.

Mother left the room, and Darkness went to sleep. A few hours later, the tapping on the window nearly woke her, but the fair folk gave her gentle dreams, and so she drifted away.



SEEKING LIGHT By Sarah Latiolais

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Cheers all around.

It truly takes a village to raise a creative project.

- The Eckleburg Project Staff

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